

The Evening World.
ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 68 to 72 Park Row, New York.
Ralph Pulitzer, President, 68 Park Row.
Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., Secretary, 68 Park Row.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates: For the United States and Canada, One Year, \$2.00; Six Months, \$1.25; Three Months, \$0.75. For Foreign Countries, One Year, \$3.00; Six Months, \$1.75; Three Months, \$1.00. Single Copies, 10 Cents.
VOLUME 53.....NO. 18,456

TRUTHS ABOUT LIES.

AN American Truth Society has just been launched to discourage misrepresentation and lying. This is probably a good, well-meaning society—but Heaven keep it from going too far!

Telling the truth is all well and good if you don't tell too much of it. But what would happen if everybody went around handing out nothing but hard, cold chunks of grim sincerity? What kind of happy homes would there be if every husband and every wife said exactly what they really thought of each other? How many friends would a man have if he always said to the bore: "No, I do not wish to ride downtown with you, and I think your oldest boy is a plumb fool?" A man who undertook to tell nothing but the absolute truth for a week would probably and very properly be killed toward sundown on the second day.

No, no. The suppression of truth is one of the highest, most sacred duties of civilized man. The one thing in all the world that helps most in the day's work, that makes things seem less unbearable when they go wrong and more delightful when they go right—is Vanity. To protect Vanity, and cherish it and keep it in good spirits and working order, man has invented Tact.

Tact and Truth are fair friends so long as each respects the other. Hold with Tact and you'll be happy. Go too far with Truth and you'll be lonesome.

THE LAST PENNYWORTH OF GLORY.

AN English actress, whose post-card picture circulates by millions, left her future husband waiting at the altar, sent word she did not feel like marrying that day, but did marry him next morning. Needless to say, both the halted wedding and the actual one got four times as much space in the newspapers as the plain, untroubled event would have had.

Perhaps the lady was really ill. Perhaps there was some kink in the settlements. People of her prominence and profession, however, so naturally and instinctively exact the uttermost farthing of tribute and adoration from the public that it is easy to believe she did it the whole thing on purpose.

Artists, actors, authors never get quite enough fame. There is an admirable French story of an aged retired novelist and poet who in a long lifetime has received every possible honor and mark of adulation. He seems beyond any further temptation from glory. His position is supreme.

Yet one day, annoyed that an old friend has just published a new volume, the first author casts jealously about in his mind for something with which to rush into print. At last he remembers some impassioned letters of his youth written to a girl he has not seen or heard of since he was twenty. But has she kept them?

In a fever of haste he hunts her up, finds her prosaically married—much moved at seeing him—and makes his request. After looking at him silently she leaves him a moment, returning with the packet of letters which have been the pride and treasure of all her long, disappointed life. With tears running down her cheeks, she hands them to him. Barely thanking her, he hurries away to get them in shape for the printer.

The vanity of the artist survives everything. He would "rather hear people speak ill of him than not speak of him at all."

FOILS AND FISTS.

A"WHITE HORSE" turns up in France, of all places! Georges Carpentier, the young Frenchman who knocked out "Jim" Sullivan at Monte Carlo the other night, becomes the middleweight champion of Europe.

We too often think of the French as a people who only like to fight by pricking each other politely in the forearm with shiny foils, or who, when they do put up their hands, bring in their feet as well. In the last few years, however, France has come to be one of the "sportiest" countries in Europe. Football, cricket, tennis, boxing grow more popular every season, the French frankly and enthusiastically borrowing sports and even the words that go with them from across the Channel. Just now the pupil is complimenting his teacher by beating him at his own game.

LOST ARTICLES AND THEIR SECRETS.

THIRTY-FOUR THOUSAND articles were left in subway and elevated trains last year. The figures are the largest yet. It is absurd, however, to say that New Yorkers are becoming more careless or forgetful. The natural increase in travel easily accounts for the higher number.

But in the list of things found—monkeys, chickens, snakes, artificial legs, teeth, wigs, burglars' tools, opium pipes, dynamite, story manuscripts—are wonderful hints and revelations of the secrets and mysteries of character that lie hidden in the pockets and packages of the thousands of people we rub against day after day.

If all the flesh, blood and bone in a crowded subway car were suddenly to melt away into thin air, leaving nothing but little pills of clothing and bundles, a novelist could still make close guesses and construct marvellous life stories out of pockets and parcels.

THE Colonel, it is announced, has selected Mr. Roscoe Conkling Mitchell, late of the esteemed Herald, as his press agent. Mr. Mitchell by happy chance served in a like capacity for Dr. Frederick A. Cook upon his return from the "Pole."

Letters from the People

The Change He Gave.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In answer to R. H.'s experience with the customer who bought a five-cent cigar and gave one dollar, which the storekeeper could not change, although he could change a \$5 bill, here is my addition: He did not have enough silver to change a \$5 bill into change a \$20 bill by giving the customer a \$20 bill.

In the World Almanac.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where can I find what the requirements are for entrance to the Military Academy at West Point? 66, St. W. In the World Almanac or from your Congressman.

Why Not?

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World.)

By Maurice Ketten

NEW STYLE STRAPS FOR THE NEW SUBWAY



The Jarr Family
By Roy Macdonald
Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World.)

WHEN Mr. Jarr reached his office this fine March morning he found an air of mysterious excitement pervading the place. He rightly diagnosed the excitement to be at least partially on account of the boss getting on the works first.

"The first man on the job always takes it as a matter of his own alertness and never-to-be-disheerened efficiency that he is."

"While his companions slept, was toiling upward to the night!"

When Mr. Jarr was first to the breakfast table or at the office he was always personally picked at those who came after. But when he was late the recollection of the times he had been early sustained his conscious rectitude.

"The boss wants to see you!" hissed Johnson, the cashier.

"Well, he needs to try to hawl me out because I'm a little late this morning," grumbled Mr. Jarr. "It isn't often he gets here early, and where would his business be if we didn't look after it early and late? Besides, I was here every night till after ten, the last of the year!"

"The boss wants to see you!" hissed Johnson, the cashier.

"Well, he needs to try to hawl me out because I'm a little late this morning," grumbled Mr. Jarr. "It isn't often he gets here early, and where would his business be if we didn't look after it early and late? Besides, I was here every night till after ten, the last of the year!"

Cold Weather Wit.

"They say March comes in like a lamb."

"Then this year he must have been a cold storage lamb."

The Boss Interviews Mr. Jarr; It's Not the Sort of Interview You Think

"Mr. Jarr," he began in trembling tones, "Ed, old man—I can call you Ed, can't I? We're friends, aren't we? You know I haven't been a bad boss to you, have I? And then you've got a fine wife and fine children. And my wife—only a girl, herself, you know. Ed, old boss—she's just crazy about those children, and I'm going to put them in my will! Oh, yes, I am! And say, my wife she mustn't know a word of this—" He had grabbed Mr. Jarr by the hand and was shaking it while he rattled on excitedly.

"You introduced me to that dear, innocent child. I'll never forgive it—oh, excuse me, I'm all upset—I mean I'll never forget it! But oh, dear, dear! I think it should come to this! Me forty years in business, my picture in the Handbook of Notable New Yorkers! Always asked for money for things that will get my name in the paper as a philanthropist! And now it's all over! Here the old man let go of Mr. Jarr's hand for a moment, took out his handkerchief, wiped his eyes, blew his nose and then slammed his top desk drawer open and shut in an agitated manner.

"Is Jack Silver the man?"

"Certainly not!" cried the boss. "Why should a decent and fine young man like that—a young man I highly respect, do such a thing?"

"Who told you? Did she write?"

"She?" repeated the old man. "It wasn't a She. It's a man's writing. But what makes you suspect Jack Silver? And why should a woman be mixed up with a Black Hand gang?"

"A Black Hand gang?" cried Mr. Jarr. And he came near adding:

"Oh, I thought your wife had eloped!"

"Certainly, a Black Hand gang! Didn't you know I got a Black Hand letter this morning, couched in the most mysterious tones, talking of the death of a Mr. Hopkins—killed, I supposed, for resisting their demands? Look at this!"

And with trembling hands Mr. Smith reached into the top drawer of his desk and brought forth the sheet of soiled newspaper on which Mr. Sidney Slavinsky—once Slavinsky—had copied from "The Complete Letter Writer" sample letter No. XII. "From a Young Man Who Has an Opportunity to Get Himself Into Business, to a Gentleman of Reputed Benevolence."

"See, Mr. Jarr—Ed—I mean! It's couched in ambiguous terms, but you see plainly it's a demand for money."

Mr. Jarr, who had been present when the letter was copied, thought it the better part of discretion to regard it with startled surprise. Finally he said:

"I confess it puzzles me. But you don't have to send the money, you know."

"Oh, don't!" replied the shaking Mr. Smith. "Look what's inside!" And he brought forth another sheet of soiled paper on which was scrawled a long communication headed LETTER XIII. The Gentleman's Answer. "See the significance!" cried old Mr. Smith. "Letter Thirteenth! And after it thanks the black hander for his duty to his aged parent, and a lot of rot like that, it says, 'It will give me great pleasure to send you the sum you ask!'"

"What can I do about it, sir?"

"Stand by me, Ed," whimpered the boss, "you know the underworld. Dealing with these fellows is a matter of being here a minute, well, then about all the desperate characters you know personally!"

Interviews With Cupid

Heart-to-Heart Talks With the God of Love on Subjects of Indisputable Interest.

By Barbara Blair

No. 2—Cupid Explains His Plans.

"YOU are very prompt," I said when Cupid entered, again without knocking. "And don't you ever ask for permission before entering a person's private apartment?"

"Love is always prompt," he smiled. "Neither does Love ever wait for permission. But as I have explained several times before, the object of my call has absolutely nothing to do with you, so you must not take these little remarks of mine as personal to yourself."

"Nothing pleases me better," I replied coldly, "than to learn that I have always thought you a good-for-nothing little wretch and I don't want to have ANYTHING to do with you."

"If that is the way you feel about it, I shall have to turn this matter over to some one else. It is too important to be lightly or gradually attempted."

"Oh, I am perfectly willing to help you along with any one else; but how CAN I help the God of Love?"

"Well, there are several reasons. The fact that you are a writer who has gone to a good deal of pains to make me and that the light, may be one reason I find special satisfaction in making you write for me. Another reason is that you are young enough to have sympathy with my work and old enough to understand me; you are attractive enough to have lovers, without being pretty enough to excite the enmity of other women; you are clever enough to follow my instructions, and wise enough to believe them when I tell you they are necessary. You are not interested in ANY man, young, married or cause. Therefore, you will be able to give ME plenty of time. If you will just put your HEART in my work, I have no doubt you will be equal to the difficult and important work to which I shall assign you."

"But there are so many much more important things in the world than you, Cupid."

"Oh, there are, are there? Why, don't you know nobody can DO anything or BE anything without ME? Only I, Love, am the controlling power in long sustained effort of any kind which is really worth while. You turn your back on me in common with many other little folk who stare at me, and tag earnestly after Ambition."

"What has Ambition done for you? NOTHING. What has he made of you? NOBODY. You are useful to me as a warning to other people. You wouldn't play with me nor work with me, now you shall work FOR me. I shall make you my secretary. If you are ambitious and work hard, I shall see that you are successful, but you will never be great as I could have made you great."

"Oh, Cupid!" I sighed.

"I mean it, every word. I am done with you. You can't trifle with ME."

"And with crossed arms, he strode sternly back and forth in front of me. "I don't want to be your secretary," I protested.

"What difference does that make? Don't you know yet, when I speak, everybody listens? When I ask for service, it is mine!"

"It was true. Reluctant as I was to work for him, I really did not feel that I COULD refuse him."

"What must I do?" I asked.

He drew his chair closer and lowered his voice to a confidential whisper. "Nobody around, eh? Walls pretty thick? Sure we won't be overheard?"

Some one knocked.

"Oh, what shall I do with you?" I cried distractedly. "I don't want to seem rude, but really you know you DON'T look respectable. Please put this coat on."

But when I turned to give it to him, he had disappeared.

(To Be Continued.)

THE "RIB" (She Tells the Secret of True Independence.)

By Helen Rowland
Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World.)

"I've just been to hear a lecture on 'Woman's Economic Independence,'" announced the Rib, as she clutched her chateaux with one hand and the Mere Man's coat sleeve with the other. "Come and buy me some strawberries and cream and tea!"

"And did they decide that Economic Independence consisted in finding somebody to furnish you with strawberries and cream and tea?" inquired the Mere Man meekly, as he led her to the nearest barroom.

"They didn't decide anything," gurgled the Rib. "They all had to hurry back and curl their hair and powder their noses and polish their finger nails before their husbands got home."

"What?" exclaimed the Mere Man in astonishment. "Have they HUSBANDS?"

"Of course," returned the Rib dipping a big red strawberry into the powdered sugar. "Why else should they want economic independence?"

"And do their husbands hurry home and curl their hair and put powder on their noses and polish their little pinkies for wife's return?" inquired the Mere Man.

"Nonsense, Mr. Cutting!" remonstrated the Rib. "Don't you ever read the Woman's magazines? A wife must keep herself dainty if she wants to hold a man's love. But a woman's love is supposed to be held on with a patent safety pin," she giggled. "It's the kind that won't come off."

"Just what is Woman's Economic Independence, anyhow?" queried the Mere Man tentatively.

"I don't know," confessed the Rib confidentially. "But from what I could glean, it's something like a Dutch treat camping trip I went out on last summer. Everybody chipped in his or her share of the expenses. Then, the girls did all the cooking, washed the dishes, made the beds and got up the laundry, while the men lolled around on the grass and told them how cute and domestic the girls looked."

"Well, what was the matter with that arrangement?" demanded the Mere Man. "Isn't that Woman's place?"

"In the kitchen?" inquired the Rib sarcastically. "Yes, of course. And man's is in the easy chair. There are lots of men big and broad enough to let a woman go right on with her career or her work after marriage, but there never was one big and broad enough to get out his clean linen and fix the water for his bath. The trouble with economic equality is that it ends right at the front door. A woman may be an equal round the office, but she'll never be anything but a footstool round the house. No matter what she's been doing all day, she must get through in time to sew on buttons and lay out her husband's evening clothes and make herself sweet and bright and kissable for the 'third business man's' return! No matter how tired or cross she is herself, she must be the cheery little comforter—the little headache soother, and grouchy rescuer and—"

"Oh, well," broke in the Mere Man desperately. "I suppose you are looking for a nice little mollycoddle husband who will lay out your slippers and your kimono, and have a cup of tea and a sweet smile waiting for you and bathe your head in eau de cologne when you come home from the office or the bridge club or the golf links."

"ME?" exclaimed the Rib coldly. "I'm not looking for a husband at all, Mr. Cutting. Not for THAT kind, anyhow. The kind I'm looking for is one who will work hard all day at the office while I go shopping, and then come home bringing victrolas and candy. I'm yearning for economic independence, but if I were I'd know how to get it!"

"How?" demanded the Mere Man anxiously.

"I'd marry a nice, rich, hard-working man."

"Of course; of course," agreed the Mere Man delightedly.

"And then divorce him?"

"DIVORCE him? What for?"

"So that I'd be sure of receiving a regular amount of money every week without having to beg or coax for it or to answer for how I spent it," explained the Rib, helping herself to the last strawberry with perfect equanimity. "THAT'S Economic Independence, and it's the only kind there is or ever will be—for a RIB!"

The Week's Wash

By Martin Green.

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World.)

"FROM what some of the papers say," remarked the head polisher, "the only way the Interborough can realize the profit it wants for operating the new subway is by putting up \$75,000,000 in a hole in the ground is some plant."

"As for forcing the people to hang to straps it is a well known transportation fact that you couldn't run enough cars on any main line of travel in this city or any other city to give every passenger a seat for a five-cent fare. If there were subways under every avenue in Manhattan the bulk of the passengers would have to stand up during the rush hours."

"Traffic conditions regulate the length of trains and station platforms. If it were possible to run subway cars on station platforms would have to be three or four blocks long. Stations are placed to get people to and pick up people at main arteries of cross-town travel. Passengers like to get into cars that stop near the stairways leading to these arteries and that is why the middle cars of the trains are always crowded. People will not walk two or three blocks after getting out of a train to reach the point for which they are bound, nor will they walk a couple of blocks after entering the subway to reach the end cars of a train."

"Strap hanging is a condition we can't avoid. I have ridden on street cars in every large city in this country and in some cities abroad, and never have I seen aboard one anywhere in the world where the passengers stand. Business conditions provide for the dumping of great hordes into a congested district during a limited time in the morning and taking them out during a limited time at night."

"The people of this town are anxious to get to where they are to go. They don't mind standing up if they get a quick ride. We elected Gaylor, McAneny, Funderburg and the other city officials who are to decide this thing, on the platform of more subways in a hurry. If they haven't done the best they could the people are not to blame, and will hand them what is coming to them the next time said officials run for office."

"If they start the subways right now the earliest relief we can expect is in 1913. By that time the old subway will be so full of people in the rush hours it will be in danger of exploding. McAneny and Funderburg, both of them, are the worst kind of politicians. They are the kind of politicians you know personally!"

"GREAT work the police did in rounding up the taxi cab robbers," said the head polisher.

"Very good sleuthing," admitted the laundry man, "but there is one thing about the case that impresses me. First is the confirmation by the arrests made, of the theory entertained by up-to-date cops that an entirely new breed of criminals is working in New York."

"It has long been maintained by old time sleuths that all crimes of importance are committed by men with criminal records, known by sight to the bulls of the Central Office. These old timers howl for the reinstatement of the lineup at Headquarters on the ground that this lineup enables detectives to become acquainted with the crooks."

"None of the young boobies who engaged in the taxi cab robbery would ever have appeared in the lineup. Any of them could have circulated freely below the Hyrreus dead line, and the sleuths down there wouldn't have known them for crooks. These young bandits are bad men, but they had no police records in the town. Their arrest goes to show that crime keeps picking up new recruits, ancient detective theories to the contrary notwithstanding."

In New Makeup.

"SEEK," said the head polisher, "that Col. Theodore Roosevelt is now out after the nomination with his war paint on and his hat off."

"You are mistaken," declared the laundry man. "It is Abraham Lincoln who is seeking the Republican nomination, not Col. Roosevelt."

NOT WHAT SHE MEANT.

Maud—I've just heard of a case where a man married a girl on his death bed so she could have his millions when he was gone. Could you love a girl like that?

Jack—That's just the kind of a girl I want to love. What's her address?—See Tom Tomorrow.